A WITLESS QUEST.

Across the high-road, down the dell,
Full rayly rode Prince Florimel.
In those old days when earth was young,
And kobolds dweit the hills among.
All maids are vain," the prince ing said,
A humble heart I fain would wed;
An she high you low degree. An she be high or low degree
I'll woo the maid lacks vanity:"
The fresh wind tost his chestnut curls,
His crimson cloak was sewn with pearls.

Alack: each maiden, fair or plain, Was yet a woman—therefore vain.
The prince rode on, three many a clime,
Till once he met old Father Time.
Who leaned upon his scythe and smiled: A wittess quest is thin, my child!
Yet will I give thee and thy steed
Eternal youth. I wot indeed
Thou'lt need it; for I trow," quoth he,
"Thou'lt ride full long and luzilly."

Still fares he on. He scans them all-The princess throned in palace hall, The peasant girls in wooden shees, Rapt vestals kneeling in their pews; But be she fair or be sne plain. She is a woman-therefore vain! And should'st thou, gentle reader, chance The gleaming of a chestnut curl, Or in thy path a raveled pearl-Upon thy beads I prithee tell
A prayer for poor Prince Florimel!
—Florence May Alt, in Judge.

A HARMLESS LADY.

Why Mrs. Whitcomb Followed Her Husband to the Country.

The line of rail fence that divided the two farms stretched far down the grassgreen meadows, ending at right angles with the more pretentious fence along the country road. From the two cor-ners thus defined, the land spread out in even broadening borders, and upon each side of the dividing line embraced a distant farmhouse in its lazy sunny arms. In their soft colors of green and white, the two houses lay like idle creatures sprawling in the sun.

The meadows glistened under the floating light of an early summer morning, and Farmer Basset, at the foot of his fertile undulating field, stopped now and then, with hammer in hand. to direct a long gaze of satisfaction over his thriving estate. He was kneedeep in long grass, and under his great straw hat was sheltered alike from the sun's rays and from ordinary vision. But the outlook from under its broad brim brought a flood of pleasure to its owner's heart, for he noted on the one side the clean smooth floor of earth between the wiry stems of wheat, and, in contrast to it, the weed-entangled growth upon the adjoining land.

"Jinkerton!" suddenly exclaimed the farmer, with a surprised stare over the fence. "Has Whiteomb come back?" Two men could be seen across the intervening field, walking slowly about

the house. One was bent and was leaning upon the arm of the other. "That's Whitcomb or it's his double." he ejaculated again. "I wonder what

it means! The house is all closed." With a sudden vigor he drove the long nail home into the thick wood, and, giving it another sharp decisive blow, dropped his hatchet into the basket and started in the direction of his

Mrs. Basset had made the same observation from the kitchen window, and

thought he'd be friends, I'd go over. But he left here in such a mighty row, and has never been back since-perhaps it's better to let fallow land lie." "He's married, isn't he? I wonder if his wife came with him."

Basset pushed the damp hat rim back from his matted hair and looked at her from his gentle blue eyes.

"I'd hate to be offish with himo' sick, didn't he? A man seemed to be helping him around the yard."

He went about his work all that day in a disturbed meditation, glancing to- eyes upon Mrs. Basset's imperturbable ward his neighbor's house, which still face. wore the uncommunicative aspect of long disuse. Later, as he was returnbasket of apples and stood with his all ride." eyes fixed thoughtfully upon one of the windows, whose blinds had been partially opened and through which he might draw some knowledge of the silent interior; it was like an eye, drowsy and half closed, but full of a

subtle intelligence. He bent down with his hand upon his basket again when Mrs. Basset came toward him hastily. There were traces of a recent astonishment yet lingering on her face.

"Jo," she said, "Mrs. Whitcomb is in the house!"

"Mrs. Whitcomb?" repeated the farmer's voice, uncertainly. "Where is

Mrs. Whitcomb?" 'Why, in the sitting-room, to be sure,

just at present. She wants a room of her own, though, to keep for several treat them unless he left the city and came to some quiet place. He is run down and nervous at the same time, and his old home was the most convenient place to come. He brought nobody with him except a man servant who knows how to nurse and take care of him. They wouldn't let her-his wife even-come with him; but she was so anxious about him that she followed him here, and now as she can't go over there in face of the doctor's orders, she wants is to keep her. She's a devoted little vife, and of course I consented."

Her husband patted her approvingly on the arm and prepared to go in to his

guest. In the meantime, in the Basset sitting-room stood a little woman attired in a jaunty sailor hat and a dress of soft and flowing elegance. Her eyes were directed toward the window and

upon the house in the distance. "It is very foolish of me," she was thinking, "and when Henry is perhaps suffering. But I can't help it; after a few days he will be able to go about, and he is sure to see that woman again. She may be a designing sort of a woman, for all I know, and may want to amuse herself with him; or she may be desperately in love with him yet, and being weak and nervous and in such a state of health anyhow, why, there's no telling what she might door he either, for that mattar. Oh, what am I saying?—or thinking?—it's all one. How Henry would feel if he

And she gave her small foot a vicious

stamp that set her ruffles fluttering from shoulder to toe, like the rustle of tree and its innumerable leaves.

"I suppose I must put on the ugly mask of deception and smile and smile BENTON. . . MISSOURL

> up and down the room, she resumed: "I den't mind her being pretty; lots of country girls are that and are perfect failures, for they are likely to be simple too. But if she's smart enough to have style about her, I think I shall sumed: grow distracted. Henry is always perfectly infatuated with style. That in-volves the worst part of it; to be stylish, gives a striking effect." one must be very sharp and clever, and to have an air about one takes a clear not extensive, and her questioner was head and artful scheming. Oh, I'll be in despair when she only maintained, scared to death if she's a stylish woman!"

When Mrs. Basset and her husband entered the house, a cordial welcome was given her and a room prepared for her upstairs. But her field of opera-tions laid below, amid the informalities

Derby collar? Has she shoes to match her dres a harmonious contrast?" of household custom. In conversation, she skirted along the channel of her thoughts and talked in ambush of the subject that engrossed and tormented

"Mr. Whitcomb was born in that very house, wasn't he?" she inquired, by way of challenging remark.

"Oh, yes; he was born and raised in this part of the country." And as Mrs. Basset moved over to the kitchen stove with the iron in her hand, the floor shook under her heavy tread. Mrs. Whiteomb glanced involuntarily down

"I suppose you knew him, didn't you? Maybe you were together at quiltings or singing school, or wherever it is the young people go for amuse-

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Basset, smiling broadly. "My husband and I the house, ascended a flight of narrow knew him well. We always called him uncarpeted stairs, and advanced on tip-

s favorite with the girls out here-he always was graceful and had a taking Farmer Basset t's deep tones were sayway with him-and that in fact, when he was quite young, he fell desperately Whiteomb, in a careless manner, in this neighborhood, have you?" "They try to tease me about that now. What a beautiful tidy this is!" and she leaned over admiringly to a coarse cro- swelled up within her. cheted netting fastened to the back of back again she added: "I suppose you can tell quite a story about it?

"About the tluy?" echoed Mrs. Basset, in pleased surprise. "Oh, yes; how could you guess? When I was just fifteen years old I had four grandmothers living-two great ones, you know-and they all knit that for me. I think all the world of it; everyone re-

gards it as a great curiosity." Mrs. Whiteomb was disappointed at this result-albeit she was momentarily startled at the remarkable incident itself-and resolved not to make a second mistake.

"Indeed! It is certainly wonderful. I'm surprised that you use it about the house. But your having no children makes many things possible. Mr. Basset is such a strong man! I envy him met him at the door in all the elation of perhaps, and how I'm to go back home without him is hard to tell. But he "He must have come late yesterday evening, and he has taken the back room upstairs."

"I'd like to see the old fellow. If I

without him is hard to tell. But he will meet some of his old friends again when he is stronger. That girl he especially liked—she is here, is she?" she asked, complicently gathering in the she were always having? I don't mean any of those quibbles we were always having? I don't seem to remember," and he turned his unseeing a barrel, and the best potato planter in with thumb and finger the ruffle that face upward inquiringly.

fell about her wrist. "The girl? Oh, yes, she's here," responded Mrs. Bassett.

"I suppose she is a woman now?" "Yes, she's a woman now, of course." "I wonder if I couldn't see her sometime. I have a great curiosity about her. Oh, who is that?" and she sprang to the window. "What a fine rider she about old times, too. He looked kind is, and doesn't she look splendid on horseback? That isn't a country girl, is it? She isn't that woman, is she?" She started painfully and fixed her

"Oh, no that isn't the woman. But she's from this neighborhood, though, ing from the orchard, he set down his She's one of the Brockville girls; they

"She's very fashionably dressed; she looks as if she came from the city," mused Mrs. Whiteomb. Then she blushed a little and entered the battle

bravely.
"Is this other woman nice looking?" "Every one seems to think her a good looking woman. Mr. Whitcomb used to think so," and Mrs. Basset's iron slid smoothly over a shining napkin.

The disturbed wife was fast losing a calm view of the situation. She rose and sauntered to a glass hanging against the wall, saying with an hys-

terical laugh: . "Papa and aunt say that he only married me because I was pretty. But I'm positively getting wrinkled now. and Henry can't endure wrinkles." She looked in with a frown at the puckdays, or maybe a week. You see, her husband has something the matter. To herself, she was saying: "To go back home and leave him here with her, and I not knowing what she is like-I can't do it! Silly unreasonable child that I am!"

"She is married now," suggested Mrs. Basset.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. All attrac-tive women get married. Women in the country follow the fashions a great start. deal nowadays, don't they? I mean, if they are clever enough. I suppose they copy the pictures they see, and follow the directions of the maga-

zines." "This woman takes a magazine; I have often seen it," interposed Mrs. Basset.

"Oh, does she?" exclaimed the troubled little woman. "Now, then, do you know if she wears bell skirts or circular skirts?" She bent over upon the harmlessness of an unfashionable the edge of the ironing-board, her chin in her hand, while her clouded gaze followed now the gliding iron and was now raised to the face of the farmer's "Maybe she wears the umbrella skirt; I always detest it. An umbrella never was anything but ugly. I'd hate to think of the ungraceful thing dang-ling around me. Does she call it that?" she asked, auxiously. "They are cut home would not threaten nor the she asked, auxiously. "They are cut home would not threaten nor than going. At all events she went, attended by her sister, who is a physical process. They tive of a cone in shape, cutting out its clan, her brother and a nurse. They apex carefully. "It works like a charm, is plain and smooth at the waist, but

a genius made that pattern! Does she ear that kind of a skirt?" Mrs. Basset shook her head.

"Some of her skirts are tolerable wide. She's considered a very well-dressed woman among her friends."

"Does she have puffs on her sleeves or her shoulders, and big ruffles, the and be a villain, for I'm not a bit kind that stand out and give a woman frightened about him. If he could only be in alarming danger without its believe it would be lime in their big silky sleeves, and, easier then; but he can't, and what shall I do?"

After a few minutes agitated rustling gliding around in a room full of people-oh! they look-" and she paused, with a long convulsive sigh, "they look like floating angels!"

There was a silence of profound absorption for a moment, when she re-

"Maybe she stuffs her sleeves with

Mrs. Basset's fund of information was stolidly:

"Yes, she is, no doubt, considered to

be a smartly-dressed woman." "I wonder, now, if she ever wore a Derby collar? Has she gloves and shoes to match her dresses or to give Mrs. Basset had nothing further to

say, and, piling up the handkerchiefs, went from the room, vouchsafing no grain of comfort. The day after they had seen the doc-

home, Farmer Basset said: "I can't stand this way of doing any longer. If Whitcomb doesn't like it, I can walk back again across lots; but I'm going over. It looks inhuman to have an old neighbor back home again

tor drive away from the Whitcomb

and never go near him." Mrs. Whitcomb learned of his deat her own light, trimly clad foot and cision, and, with loosely flowing skirt caught up in one hand and shading her eyes from the sun with the other, she tripped over the path that had long been lost in over-growing grasses, through which the farmer had made his way only a few minutes before. She crossed a wide porch at the back of Little Whit, because he was somewhat | toe down the hall toward a room from slight and never stout like the other which she heard sounds as of some "I have heard them say he was quite palm lightly against the door, which was slightly ajar and stood listening.

"Den't you know who I am? You in love with one of them," said Mrs. haven't forgotten that Jo Basset fives Mrs. Whitecmb pushed the door ever so little and looked in. Her heart

ing:

"Oh, my poor dear husband, how a chair. Then throwing herself lightly thin he looks, with that shade over his eyes! If it wasn't for that horrid woman, I'd go back home where I belong."

The accusing tears were streaming down her face as she looked at the two men in the darkened room.

Farmer Passet had put his hand upon the sick man's chair, and the latter had covered its brown breadth with both his white ones; his eyes were bandaged from the light.

"You, old Jo Basset?" he said, "This is good of you. A eagerly. farmer learns never to lose a minute's sunshine, and yet you come into this dark hole! You're a splendid fellow,

"I'm powerfully giad to see you. You don't look bad, you know-just a little when I think of my husband. Henry will have to stay here several weeks weeks here several weeks heartily. "You've forgotten our quarrel, then?"

"Our quarrel?" said the other, won-

"Oh, you've forgotten it! Now, I tell you I'm mighty glad of that. I might have known it, seeing that you are married yourself. About my wifedon't you remember, old boy?"

"Your wife?" responded the other, and then a beaming smile broke forth upon his face! "Clara? Of course, I remember now. She was a fine girl, and it did hurt me, spring chicken that I was, when you got in ahead of me there. Forgotten it!" and his laugh rang merrily in spite of his weakness. "Well, I should say I have. You ought to see Mrs. Whitcomb! I would have her here now, but the doctor insists on rest for me, and says I'm in a perpetual delicium when Mrs. Whitcomb is by. It's hard medicine-worse than any in his bottles. Do you wonder I didn't remember our old quarrel? It's fun, though; I'm glad you reminded me of it."

Farmer Basset rubbed his bands in glee; nothing could have delighted him more than seeing his friend in such spirits.

Mrs. Whiteomb stood without the door, the very tears stopped upon her face in the consternation of the moment. Mrs. Basset, with her straw hat shaped like a bent scoop-shovel and its dejected trimming, her round basque with its buttons down the front, the skirt with its bunch of fullness around the waist, the dull thick shoes-this was the vision that rose in her mind. This was the woman over whom she had been grieving! With trembling step and downcast head she made her way down the stairs, out into the open air, and there held council with her own follies and humiliation.

The next day she sat in the farmer's wagon, under the shade of his big, black umbrella, with her own silk one by her side in its newest cover, and be hind them was her trunk. Mrs. Basset stood in the doorway, seeing them

"Yes, Henry will be all right, with you to watch him now and then," she said, cheerfully, from her high seat "I shall be perfectly satisfied. Let me know, of course, if he should get worse -and the doctor says he won't. You've been very kind to me, let me say again, and good by!"

She was driven off with a heart freed of its burden and as light as the step of the fleet-footed horses, silently blessing woman.-Anna Embree, in Arthur's Home Magazine.

A Boston Wem in Saw the Fair.

There is a woman in Boston who

went to the world's fair when she was too ill to see her friends. Her heart was so much set upon going that it took her to a hotel close to the gates and rolled her about fine mornings in a the bottom is perfectly beautiful—is reclining chair. And if they chanced very full and stands away out like this. to encounter any of their friends from to encounter any of their friends from Boston the sick woman's attendants would say: "O, she isn't able to see

anybody yet."-Boston Transcript

BY THE SHEARS.

NINETY-ONE per cent. of the farmers in Utah own their farms. LIFE insurance is more popular in

America than in any other country. A speck of gold weighing the millionth part of a grain may be easily seen by the naked eye.

The smallest bird in the world is the

"flycater" of Cuba. It is one-third the size of the hummingbird. A snow-nouse built by Charles Pen-

dergast, aged eleven, at Montreal, colapsed, burying the boy and causing fatal injuries. The fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of Revelations contains more words than any other verse in the New

Testament. DOCUMENTS just discovered prove that in 1836 a city called Belgrade was projected a few miles below Detroit and Cassandra was mapped a few miles north. Neither city ever got farther than on paper.

FIGURES for a new sort of census are being gathered by Prof. Earl Burns, of Stanford university. He has scattered circulars to parents all over California. asking them whether their children tell lies; if so, from what motive and how often, etc.

AROUND THE GLOBE.

THE deepest artesian well is

Potsdam, 5,500 feet deep. THE roofs of Egyptian temples are composed of huge blocks of stone laid from column to column.

In some parts of England it is customary to send to friends immediately after death a paper bag of biscuits. CHINA is making great preparations for a fair to be held in a year or two, which occurs every sixty years. Her subjects from all over the world are

expected to attend. THERE was a decrease of 7,000,000 lire in the Italian customs receipts during January, while the revenue from indirect taxation shows a total falling off of 11,000,000 lire in the last six months.

An authority is of the opinion that the natives of Mashonaland are all deseended from a commercial people who some 3,000 years ago penetrated from CAMELS have been emploped in south-

ern Russia for drawing plows and it is reported that the experiment has proved perfectly satisfactory. On one estate, not far from Kieff, eighteen camels are at work and, owing to oats being dispensed with in their feeding, their keep is found to cost much less than that of horses.

LITERARY.

MISS CHARLOTTE YOUNG, for fortythree years the editor of the Monthly Packet, has been retired.

MRS. AMELIA E. BARR has taken the place formerly occupied by Mrs. Burnett as the best paid female author in America.

Vincilius, bishop of Salzburg, was declared a heretic in the fourteenth century for publishing a book to prove that there were antipodes.

1.410 Bushels Potatoes Per Acre. |E This astonishing yield was reported by Abr. Hahn, of Wisconsin, but Salzer's potatoes always get there. The editor of the Rural New Yorker reports a yield of 730 bushels and 8 pounds per nere from one of Salzer's early potatoes. Above 1,410 bushels are from

the world for but \$2. IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 6e postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive free his mammoth potato catalogue and a package of sixteen-day "Get There, Eli," radish. [K]

ONE reason why there is not more good being done is because some people want to wait till te-morrow to begin.—Ram's Horn

THE MARKETS.

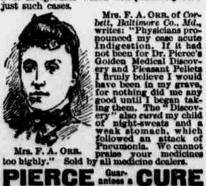
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New York, Feb. 19, 1894	
CATTLE-Native Steers \$ 4 40 @ 4 70	
COTTON-Middling 750 8 FLOUR-Winter Wheat 2 80 6 4 25	
WHEAT No 9 Paul March March	
CORN-No. 2 4244 OATS-Western Mixed 374g 384g	
PORK—New Mess 13 50 % 14 00 ST. LOUIS.	
COTTON-Middling @ 74	
BEEVES-Shipping Steers 4 15 2 4 90 Medium 3 73 6 4 40	-
HOGS-Fair to Select 4 75 @ 5 08	
SHEEP-Fair to Choice 2 85 6 3 50 FLOUR-Patents 2 80 6 2 95	13
Fancy to Extra do 2 20 64 2 60	1 1
WHEAT-No. 2 Red Winter 52 6 524 CORN-No. 2 Mixed	1
OATS-No.2 29 6 2916	1 1
RYE-No. 2 50 65 53 TOBACCO-Lugs 4 00 66 11 00	13
Leaf Burley 6 00 (£ 16 0)	1 1
HAY-Clear Timothy 8 50 @ 10 50 BUTTER-Choice Dairy 18 @ 21	13
FGGS_French @ 15	1 1
PORK—Standard Mess (new)	1 4
LARD-Prime Steam 750 75	11
CHICAGO.	В
HOGS-Fair to Choice	1
SHEEP-Fair to Choice 2 50 & 3 75	В
FLOUR-Winter Patents 3 5 6 3 70 Spring Patents 2 15 6 3 90	1
WHEAT-No. 2 Spring 554-76 554	Н
CORN-No. 2 34% on 34%	13
OATS-No. 2	В
PORK-Mess (new)	13
CATTLE-Shipping Steers 3 25 @ 5 0)	В
HOGS-All Grades	13
OATS-No. 2 2743 28	
CORN-No. 2	R
NEW ORLEANS. FLOUR-High Grade 2 85 @ 3 25	13
CORN-No. 2	
OATS-Western 26 @ 364 HAY-Choice @ 16 0)	1.
PORK-New Mess 12 87/40 13 0)	

A BAD TEMPER

BACON -Sides..... COTTON-Middling

generally accompanies a torpid liver and indigestion. An in-door life often brings on this condition; there follows ansemia, or lack of blood, frequently another worse effect—that of Dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the restorative tonic and liver invigorator which will positively cure just such cases.

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Baking REE This Bound Volume Scribner's Management

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Russell, four years of age, was sailing down the Columbia river with a party of friends. He was much interested in every thing he saw, and at length ventured this remark: "Papa, I think this boat must have awful long feet to walk in this water."

A KENTUCKY parson has just lost a bet of ten dollars that his daughters didn't dance. One of the girls admitted that she had "schottisched once across the parior and back," whereupon the parson handed over the money.—Kansas City Star.

Uncle George—"I trust, Henry, that you are out of debt." Henry—"No. I haven't got quite so far as that; but I am out of everything else."—Boston Transcript.

No Safer Rement can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price, 25 cts.

Actors, Vocalists, Public Speakers praise Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute

Give love the power, and it will always help.—Ram's Horn.

BE SURE to read advertisement of Plant Seed Co., an old reliable firm.

An open mouth closes the ears .- Ram's

KNOWLEDGE

tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet-

ter than others and enjoy life more, with

less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to

the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid

laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

in the form most acceptable and pleas-

ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly

beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system,

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profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weak-

ening them and it is perfectly free from

every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-

gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup

C. only, whose name is printed on every

Its excellence is due to its presenting

Brings comfort and improvement and

"I is noticed," says Uncle Mose, "dat de fellers dat does de mos' shoutin' an' talkin' about deir future life is de ones dat don't come anyways nich investin' all deir money in it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous sur-

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any A Chicago man who had just surrendered his watch to a footpad was moved to re-mark that he didn't know when he had been so pressed for time.—Washington Star. case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. Chener & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

"Hir's mighty hand ter set a good example," remarked Uncle Eben, who was in rather a gloomy mood, "an' when yoh gits through yoh ain got no 'surance of hatchin' anyt'ing."—Washington Star.

South at Haif Rates.

On March 8 and April 9, 1894, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad will sell tickets
for their regular trains to principal points
in the south at one single fare for the round
trip. These excursion rates take in the principal cities and towns in Tennessee. Alabama, Georgia. West Florida and Mississippl. Tickets will be good to return within
twenty days, and will be on sale at St. Louis.
Evansville, Louisville and Cincinnati on
above dates. Through cars from these cities
to principal points south. Ask your ticket
agent, and if he can not furnish you tickets
from your station, write to C. P. Atmorg,
General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky. South at Half Rates. General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky

"Now," said the storekeeper, as he gazed proudly at the lettering on his new brass sign, "that's what I call polished English." washington Star.

160 World's Fair Photos for S1.

These beautiful pictures are now ready for delivery in ten complete parts—16 pictures comprising each part—and the whole set can be secured by the payment of One Dollar, sent to Geo. H. Heafron, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill., and the portfolios of pictures will be sent, free of expense, by mail to subscribers.

Remittances should be made by draft, money order, or registered letter.

"They say Brown has taken the lecture platform." "Shouldn't wonder; take any-thing he can lay his hands on."—Atlanta

Flaceld Muscles Grow Strong. Weak attenuated frames acquire sound, healthy fiesh, woe begone, hollow faces fill out and become cheerful when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is used as a stomachic to improve digestion and assimilation. Moreover, it cures bilious and kidney trouble, and protects the system against malaria and chronic rheumatism. Use it systematically.

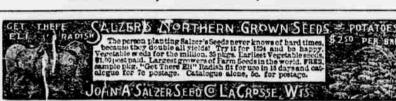
The girl who can skate has a good time but the girl who is learning has her hand squeezed the tightest.—Atchison Globe.

Farm Renters May Become Farm Owners If they move to Nebraska before the price of land climbs out of sight. Write to J. Francis, G. P. & T. A. Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb., for free pampilet. It tells all about everything you need to know all about everything you need to know.

A Troga man calls his cook Misery, be-cause she loves company. - Philadelphia and being well informed, you will not Record.

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accept any substitute if offered. ST. JACOBS OIL SWELLINGS. * BACK-ACHE, SORENESS.



SOOTHES, SUBDUES, CURES.

Young Wives_

WOMAN'S SEVEREST TRIAL, WE OFFER

"Mothers' Friend"

A remedy which, if used as directed a few weeks before confinement, robs it of its Pain, Horror and Risk to Life of both

mother and child, as thousands who have used it testify. "I used two bottles of 'MOTHERS' FRIEND' with MARVELOUS RESULTS, and wish every woman who has to pass through the ordeal of child-birth to know if they use 'MOTHERS' FRIEND' for a few weeks it will rob confinement of pain and suffering and insure safety to life of mother and child.—Mrs. Sam Hamilton, Eureka Springs, Ark.

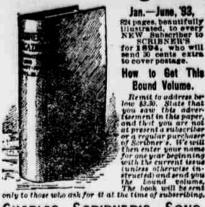
Book to Mothers mailed free containing voluntary testimonials. Sent by express, charges prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle.

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